

## **Sage Francis "Climb Trees"**

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Sun set and sun rise I'm my own personal light show  
Flipping switches...moving from basin bottoms to  
plateaus  
The Earth...manipulates itself beneath me  
I stand still...stagnate. Can't kill...this lagged state

Life...manipulates itself around me, but I'm dead still  
Upright...but dead still  
Word is still born...I will not stoop to the level of the  
stoop that y'all chill on  
If the building's boarded up and the children of the  
corn  
-er Liquor Store don't want to kick it no more...  
because holes have filled the wall, sneakers are  
scuffed & toes have become sore

I saw y'all walk from the hood of tough luck  
Yeah, if these walls could talk they wouldn't shut the  
fuck up

Jump in your pick up truck. Drive from the mountain  
range  
Cash the chips in on your shoulder, cut your losses, die  
young, count the change  
How strange...you think these clouds look lovely?  
Smoke signals...manipulate themselves above me  
No symbols...are below me enough to overlook  
I know you read my every move, I wrote the book

Mind not the blemishes that are on my premise.  
Endlessness is my "to be continued..."  
Notice the nervousness in my footnotes when being  
interviewed  
Shaking uncontrollably. "How you doing?" "Not  
bad...how about you?"  
Brought it right back to me like "What've you been up  
to?"

I don't talk to freaks. I even ignore my neighbors who  
live down the stairs  
I walk the streets. And they don't know that I'm famous  
in 2000 years

So I say shit loud in their ears and I spit a wretched  
verse in their face...  
Disrespecting their personal space  
In a split second, curtains and drapes get closed  
They think they've shut me out, but I can see their ugly  
mouth in the shape of "O"s  
I'd break their windows with a stone that has a note  
attached  
that says "I hate Jim Crow, and here's a poem to let you  
know the haps:"

"I've got a golden axe and I chop cherry trees down  
Dead to this world. Bury me now."

I am from a distant place that sits and waits for my  
belated time to come  
but its too late I've missed my fate. I "F" with the deaf,  
blind and dumb  
My father taught me one thing...how to fire a gun  
I don't bother...this is survival for fun

I have become the most sinister sin city slicker

\*\*\*\*\*

cynical dim witted trixter  
critical shit grinning hipster  
Whisper...to my earhole...tell me not to be fearful  
Be careful  
not to make any...sudden...movements  
Show me your sole...I like to study shoe prints

You've stepped to me before! I can recognize them  
stubby toes!  
I left them guys with bloody clothes. For a second  
time...nobody knows  
The pain I've seen. Nobody knows the pain I've seen  
Nobody knows why I've got a bloody nose or how they  
made it bleed

Chorus:

Climb trees...go out on a limb  
To find me...forget about him  
Forget about hymns...what are those psalms that you  
sing  
What are those songs that are in your head echoing...

I am not here to make a change. I break chains  
I break dance moves and move Strange--  
Strange Famous is infamous for inflammatory mission  
statements  
Living in basements with subterranean secret service  
agents

With little patience. A pediatrician who hate kids  
Women's lib is getting choked to death by their own  
baby bibs  
Baby, did you know I love women who hate mankind?  
I talk about it all the damn time....keep it comin' HUH!!!

"IIIIIIII HHHHAAAAAAAATE MEEEEEEEEENNNNN"

Yeah\*\* This conversation is mine. I own all the stock in  
boring small talk,  
And I've trade marked this facial expression called the  
"gawk."  
So fuck off. I dis functions souped by ninjas and hockey  
fights  
While discussion groups infringe upon my copyrights  
All them bitches want me tonight...I've been so great  
and respectful  
They only get salty when I bend them into the shape of  
a pretzel  
I make them flexible when I break their schedule. It only  
got hard...  
When I asked 'em politely not to fight me and to give  
up.(i think he says 'their')..God  
Damn...this is easier than I thought it would be  
They'll attend any party and not fight it as long as  
they're invited cordially  
Unfortunately, I've only got so many hundred openings  
But talk to me, I want to take you all under my broken  
wings

Who's the right man for the job?!  
Put up your hands y'all because I'm not tall enough to  
stand up to God

Who's the right woman?! Throw up one hand...and  
wave it now

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